

## and the time really does fly by in this small town. by orphan\_account

**Series:** [and after all these years \[1\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Gen

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleanor Gillespie, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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**Summary:**

the years went by far quicker than any of them had ever thought they would.

a collection of scenes from the lives of the people of hawkins, indiana.

## 1. eighth grade

El had fought tooth and nail with her father so that she would be allowed to attend school the year after she closed The Gate. Despite his understanding the strength of her powers and her ability to protect herself, he still feared for her as only fathers do.

He was terrified of her getting hurt somehow. It was the same feeling he felt whenever she left the house to go play Dungeons and Dragons or went on a date with Mike. He would do anything for his daughter.

So, it was with the utmost caution that he enrolled El in Eighth Grade at Hawkins Middle School. To the teachers she would be Jane Hopper, to her friends, El.

Her first day was uneventful; the most exciting thing that had happened was that she and Mike were assigned as lab partners in science and that she was in the same English class as Max.

Hopper was still cautious, he worried for her. It was likely that he always would worry for her, it was just the way he was. But when she looked up at him, her eyes brimming with curiosity and a look of complete awe on her face that he realized just how much she needed this.

He ruffled her hair and smiled down at her, suddenly at peace with the idea of her being out and about in the world. He knew that she would protect herself and that she would be protected by her friends.

Afterall, Mike Wheeler was a force to be reckoned with.

## 2. owls

### Summary for the Chapter:

dustin has always thought that owls are creepy,  
eleanor gillespie agrees with him.

Eleanor Gillespie hated owls with all of her heart. They were gross and creepy and they seemed to think that her hair was a nest.

All of her interactions with owls has involved some form of attack and it was for that reason that she did her very best to steer clear of the woods surrounding Hawkins. She would not give Sheriff Hopper another thing to joke about.

Eleanor would go so far as to say that she was terrified of owls. Who wouldn't be after what she had been through? She still had a scar on her scalp from when that monster had tried to lay eggs on her head!

So, when Mr. Clarke announced a trip to a local conservation area where they would learn about the predators of the forest she was less than enthused. An entire day of sitting in the forest surrounded by owls. She begged her mother to let her stay home but Mrs. Gillespie refused.

And here she was, sitting on a mushroom populated log with Dustin Henderson beside her. Turns out he was also afraid of owls.

"I mean, they're just so creepy with their huge eyes and that thing they do with their neck! It's like something out of *The Exorcist*." He babbled.

"I've never seen *The Exorcist*. My mom says it'll make me worship Satan and that then I'll be sacrificing cats and dogs in the forest." Eleanor replied.

Dustin stared at her blankly for a second before shaking his head.

"No, that's crazy. It's about a priest removing a demon from a girl. If any thing it'll make you super Christian!" He argued.

"Honestly, my mom's kind of crazy sometimes. She told me that I can't talk to Will because he was possessed. She also says that Dungeons and Dragons is blasphemous." Eleanor admitted.

"Your mom's weird." Dustin deadpanned.

"Yeah." Eleanor said.

"Do you uh, maybe wanna play DnD sometime? We could watch The Exorcist after?" Dustin asked nervously.

Eleanor looked at him and smiled, "I'd love to. But only if you promise not to tell my mom."

"Wouldn't dream of it." He said.

Eleanor then kissed him on the cheek, Dustin turned bright red.

### 3. christmas time is here/happiness and cheer

#### Summary for the Chapter:

el's first christmas.

In her entire life as a human experiment, Jane had never experienced Christmas; she didn't even know what it was. This pissed Hopper off, not only had Brenner turned an innocent girl into nothing more than a weapon, but he had never even let her experience what a childhood could be. It was in this pissed off state that he decided that this year would be the best Christmas ever.

The first step was teaching Jane that Santa Claus was not a kidnapper or a murderer, she seemed suspicious at the idea of just getting presents from a random stranger. After that, he had to get a tree.

The experience was *interesting* to say the least. Jane had almost ripped the tree out of the ground with her powers but Jim had been able to convince her that it was better to cut it down instead of ripping it out, roots and all.

Step three was decorating, Jane had chosen a tree oddly reminiscent of the one from that Charlie Brown cartoon but Jim didn't care as long as it made her happy. She ended up sticking a single red bauble on the tree and then declared the job done.

After that, the next step was to wait for Christmas Day.

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Jane cried on the big day, she had never seen these many things meant just for her.

She opened up the first package and found a lightsaber just like the one that Mike owned. She shrieked with joy and pretended to be a Jedi as soon as she opened it.

The next packages were clothing and it broke Jim's heart to see her crying over a package of socks as if it was the best gift she had ever

received.

The next gift was Jim's favorite; he had convinced Joyce to teach him how to make quilts just so that he could make something special for his daughter.

Jane loved it and Jim gave her the biggest hug before they settled together underneath the absolute mess of a quilt and rewatched Charlie Brown for the 42nd time.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

i know it's a bit late for the holidays but merry christmas, happy hannukah, ect.

also happy new year!

holy hell guys, i didnt think that i would ever get this much interest in a fic. if u guys want to know about any updates to the fic/ect. you can follow me on tumblr @rhymeswithpicard and/or on twitter @sicardpicard.

## 4. Baby Harrington

### Summary for the Chapter:

Nancy Harrington was unexpected but still appreciated.

Steve hadn't expected to become a father while he was just twenty years old but nevertheless, he embraced his new role with excitement. He was ready to love Nancy Ruth Harrington until the end of his days.

Even Nancy's mother leaving didn't change how he felt about his daughter. If anything, it just made him want to hold her closer and keep her safer.

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Raising Nancy had been easy up until the day she turned twelve. At that point, boys became a serious problem. Not only was Nancy interested in them, but they were interested in Nancy too.

At age thirteen, thing got even harder after Nancy had her first period. She had spent the entire day locked in the bathroom, crying and asking if she was going to die. In the end, an emergency call to Joyce had sorted everything out.

fourteen was easier than thirteen and fifteen followed in similar suit. Nancy was sailing through high school with ease and Steve was proud of his girl.

Sixteen was rough to say the least; Nancy was sneaking off at odd hours to spend her time with some boy from the neighbourhood and Steve was not pleased.

Seventeen held challenges worse than antonther year. Now on top of staying afloat in the stormy waters of Hawkins High, Nancy was fighting Demodogs late in the night.

The fear increased at that point, suddenly the idea of losing his daughter seemed like it could become a reality and Steve found

himself sitting at the kitchen table and worrying himself half to death every night.

All of these trials however, paled in comparison to the moment that Nancy Harrington met Nancy Byers.